THE HAPPINESS OF A Quiet Mind

BOTH

In *Youth* and *Old Age*;

With the way to Attain It.

In a DISCOURSE occasioned by the Deaths of Mrs. *Martha Hasselborn*, who died *March* 13th, 169⅝. in the 95th year of her Age.

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BAPTIST COLLEGE

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory.

TO

Mr. Jacob Haſſelborn, *Merchant.*

THere is nothing Men are more apt to value themſelves upon, than the being deſcended from Great and Honourable Perſons; who have either had Noble Blood running in their Veins, or have ſignalized themſelves by a ſeries of Heroical Actions for the good of their Countrey; and by this means have delivered their names down to Poſterity, Crowned with thoſe Garlands, which the thirſt of Glory made them to deſire: And yet many thus deſcended, ſtain the Memory of their Predeceſſors; and as far as in them lies, make all their Laurels wither, by Lives led according to their own humour and fancy, and the contagious Examples of a depraved Age.

But you have the Honour to be akin to one who was on earth related to the family of Heaven. Your Good Mother after having with continued Patience, ſuſtained the troubles of her weary Pilgrimage, calmly at length arrived at her deareſt home, where ſhe longed to be.

The Remembrance of her, I doubt not, is a great help to you in your Chriſtian Race, ſuch an example of goodneſs, ſo unaffected and ſincere, whilſt it is always brightly ſhining before your Eyes, gives you both light and ſtrength to follow her, in the ſame happy path wherein ſhe went: The frequent thinking on the Holineſs of her Life, will be a great Motive to quicken you to be like her in every commendable and praiſe-worthy thing. To think of her Faith, and Meekneſs and Patience, will make you flouriſh in the ſame Vertues: As young Painters encreaſe their skill, by frequently Copying old and excellent Originals. In your pious Mother you have ſeen living and exemplified Religion, a quiet Mind, not as repreſented in the coldneſs of Precepts, but as warmed and animated

by the bleſſed Spirit, and Patient holding out to the Concluſion of a great Age; Such a Patience as is to be admired, but not to be deſcribed; for no Colours can be ſoft enough to draw this Admirable Grace.

St. Paul *rejoyced in his beloved* Timothy, *and expreſſed a very lively pleaſure upon the thought of one that had very good Parents, and was himſelf ve-very good:* When (*ſays he*) I call to remembrance the unfeigned Faith that is in thee, which dwelt firſt in thy Grandmother *Lois* and thy Mother *Eunice; and I am perſwaded in thee alſo,* wherefore I put thee in remembrance, *&c. I hope that the pure and conſtant Faith that was in your Mother is paſſed into you; not by a propagation of Blood, but of Spirit; not of Nature, but of Grace. That you and your Relations may meet her and all the bleſſed Saints with comfort at the Great Day; live together in that place where there will be no Sin nor Pain, nor Old Age, but an Eternal Holineſs, Spring and Youth;*

and where our preſent Weakneſs ſhall be ſwallowed up of Strength, is the hearty Prayer of

Your Real Friend

And Servant

T. Rogers.

Pſal.

Pſal. XL. Verſe 1.

I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

AS of all the Ages of the Life of Man, Infancy is the moſt Innocent, and Childhood the moſt Vain, and Youth the moſt Brisk and Daring; ſo Old Age is the moſt clog'd with Pains and Miſeries. In other Stages of our Journey we are annoyed now and then with Trouble and Calamity, with Sickneſs and decayes of Strength; but this laſt part of our Pilgrimage, this feeble part of Life, is its ſelf a Diſeaſe. 'Tis ſo weak, that generally the Powers of the Soul, as well as the Members of the Body, have not the Livelineſs and Vigor that they had in their greener Years; the Evening is much more

Cloudy and Tempestuous, more Dark and Frightful then the Morning of their Days. And yet there are found some Blessed Souls that flourish even in Winter; neither the sharpness of the Weather, nor the uncomfortableness of the Season hinders their being *ever Green.* Such an one was *David*, as he was all his Life Musically given, of an Harmonious Heavenly Temper: in his pleasant Angelick Airs he had often mounted up to Heaven; and at last, with praise, he took his Flight thither, to change his Hymns into sweeter Hallelujahs. 1 *Chr.* 29. 10. *He blessed the Lord before all the Congregation*: v. 20. *He said to all the Congregation, Now bless the Lord.* *V.* 28. He dyed in a good old Age, full of Days, Riches and Honour. So old *Jacob*, when the decays of Strength, and the weakness of his Age would not allow him to be long in his Devotions; he improved the more easie Intervals of his Illness to breath after God. Gen 49. 18. *I have waited for thy Salvation, O Lord*: His Expression was short, but his Faith and Patience

Patience were very great. So *Moſes* prepared his Soul for the Joyes of Heaven, by tuning his Harp below, he Sung before he dyed. *Deut.* 32. And before his death he bleſſed the Children of *Iſrael*. *Ch.* 33. And after this he went up to the Mount, and put off his Body to be Cloathed upon with Life and Immortality, *Deut.* 34. 5. And good old *Simeon*, who had a Promiſe, that he ſhould not depart till he had ſeen the Lords Chriſt: He did not hide himſelf from the glorious ſight, tho' he knew, that after that he muſt quickly dye; but he came by the Spirit into the Temple, and there he met with the Child Jeſus, that for many paſt years he had long'd to ſee: And having ſeen the Bleſſed Babe, he took him up in his Arms, and was full of Tranſports, ſaying, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy Salvation*, Luke 2. 27, 28. I might alledge the Example of *Paul the Aged*, who was then in Chains, and near his Execution by the Lyon *Nero*; and yet after having ſerved ſeveral Years under

der the Banners of Chriſt, neither the Cruelties of his Impriſonment, nor the proſpect of death, nor all the weight of Age that laid upon him, did abate his hope in God; nay, his hope was ripened to aſſurance, when he ſays, *I have fought the good fight:* He ſpoke as if he had been in Paradiſe; as if the Crown of Glory had been already on his Head; to all theſe I may joyn, *that daughter of Abraham*, for whom I Preach this *Funeral Sermon*, who ſerved God with chearful hope many years, and bore all the advances of Death, as well as her declining Age, with admirable Calmneſs and Reſignation, and long continued Faith and Hope, and dyed near an Hundred Years old; dropping into the Grave like Fruit from the Tree, when 'tis fully Ripe. She had no Clouds and Darkneſs in her Soul; ſhe was all calm and ſerene; ſhe lived in Joy, and ſhe dyed in Light; ſhe ſet in Beams: And that which greatly contributed to the pleaſure of her Life, and the calmneſs of her death, was the *quietneſs and*

ſtill

ſtilneſs of her Soul; uſing frequently, upon all occaſions, this very paſſage of the Holy Prophet, *I waited patiently for the Lord:* From theſe words I obſerve,

Firſt, *That is not below the greateſt and moſt honourable Perſons to wait on God.* The Grandeur of a King is no barr to his dutiful Attendance on his Maker; and the Crowns of thoſe Princes ſhine with the higheſt Luſtre, that are laid at the Feet of God. Thoſe that honour him he will Honour. The Angels that are the Courtiers and Nobility of Heaven, and in conſtant waiting know their diſtance; and tho' they are of the higheſt rank of Creatures, they remember they are Creatures ſtill; and whilſt they wonder at the Glory of the Divine Majeſty, they know they cannot comprehend it! They do not ſit upon the Throne, but are in poſtures, full of Reverence, employed round about it. They are very humble even in their higheſt extaſies and cover their Faces when they cry to one another, *Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hoſts, the whole earth is full of his Glory*, Iſa. 6. 3. Se-

Secondly, *When any affliction or trouble is upon us, it is our most becoming and most Advantagious Duty, to wait upon God with patience, and to pray for his relief and help.*

I. *What is implied in this patient waiting?*
II. *What obligations we are under to it?*
III. *The Application.*

First, *In this patient waiting there is included a most entire and free submission to the Will of God, as to the nature and duration of our Trouble.* That it come and tarry just as long as he pleases; a waiting Christian looks upon his Fathers Hand, and is not with such a view frighted at the most bitter Cup: He is not hurried away with violent Passions, with murmuring or uneasie Thoughts. The Divine Wisdom that knows when and how to deliver, produces the most refreshing acquiescence; he is not furious and precipitant, no fluctuation of Spirit

rit discovers it self in his Speech or Actions, *Isa.* 30. 18. When the Storms are high, he is still: In all varieties of Providence, in all the changes of his Health or Life, he is peaceable within; no Bitterness, no Thorns, no Canker in his Soul; he leaves the time of his Deliverance to his all-wise Creator, and waits in quiet till the time come, without complaining or finding fault with the pressure of the Cross, or the slow advances of his help. He knows, that uneasiness and displeasure at the Proceedings of the Most High, is the mark of a fallen Angel, and not the Character of a Saint.

Secondly, *This patient waiting upon God, is attended with Faith and Hope.* With Faith concerning the reality of good to come, and with Hope concerning the seasonable fulfilling of the Promises that he relies upon: *What wait I for, my hope is in thee, Ps.* 39. Hope is the lively Spring of Action, infuses Life and Spirit into the feeble and the most humbled, but despair cramps and freezes,

freezes, and enervates all the Powers of the Soul: It reflects upon the Goodness and Mercy of God, and makes us sink into the lowest depths with its killing weight: It swells our Sorrows, and turns our Sighs into Roarings, and our Tears into Seas of Grief. Whereas he that patiently waits, knows that after the blackest Night and most Tempestuous, the Sun will rise again, and chear him with his reviving help; he knows that Celestial Comforts are many times Neighbours to the most doleful fears; and sometimes the howling Wilderness is the way to *Canaan*, and the Waters may be troubled, when the healing moment comes; the face of the Pooll was not so smooth when the Charitable Angel descended as it was before, but it was more useful and medicinal. Never was any Season more gloomy, then when our Saviour was upon the Cross; never was any bordered with more glorious Events. It was a dark Night when he Suffered, but 'twas a glorious day when he Rose again. He that patiently waits

remembers

remembers that the Church has been moſt dear to God, and moſt fruitful in good Works, when toſt with Storms; it has flouriſhed moſt, when the Devil and his Angels have endeavoured to depreſs it; he waits for help, as they that watch for the Morning, they look and hope for the dawning of the Day, watch the firſt ſtreaks of riſing light, and rejoyces to ſee it, *Pſ.* 130. 6.

Thirdly, *This patient waiting upon God, is attended with earneſt deſires and prayers for his merciful Appearance.* I waited and I cryed unto the Lord, O for that ſweet and pleaſant Hour, when I ſhall be Saved! that the time to favour me, even the ſet time were come! O that I had the Wings of a Dove, that I might flee away from the windy Storm and Tempeſt! O Lord behold my diſtreſſed Caſe, oh ſend me ſome help for thy mercies ſake; remember my weakneſs, and thy own Promiſe; hear my groans, and perform the word on which thou haſt cauſed me to hope; do not caſt out my Prayer, do not ſuffer me

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to Perish in my low Estate: All this earnestness is submissive, full of Resignation and Tranquility: The Sick desire many times to dye from wearines and pain; but a good Christian shews that he is ready to depart, but is willing to stay till God bid him go; he waits for Christ with a longing craving Eye, as for a dear friend from a far Countrey; he bears his absence with Patience, but would be very glad to see him come: Heaven is welcome to such a panting Soul, as the Port, to one that has been frighted and endangered by the Storms; such an one when confined by trouble, longs for a Release, but will not break his Prison; He waits, till the hand that Bound him shall break his Bands asunder; remembring that God is as Jealous of his word, when he promises favours to his Children, as when he threatens punishment to his obstinate and hardned Enemies. The desires of Persons in distress are most serious and importunate: When *Peter* was like to sink, how heartily and with all his force may we

imagine

imagine that he cryed out, *Maſter ſave me*, *Matth.* 14. 30. So our *Saviour*, in the days of his Fleſh, uſed ſtrong Cries; and the Prayers of the Mariners in *Jonas* were as loud as the Storms; theſe were not more bluſtering then thoſe were affectionate. People that are juſt like to be Drowned, have no time to Compliment, their danger ſwallows up all other thoughts, but thoſe that relate to their preſent Circumſtances.

Fourthly, *This patient waiting directs the quiet Soul in ſuch a manner to God, that he uſes no undue reflections upon the Inſtruments, or more immediate occaſions of trouble.* When he is ſick he does not rail at the Phyſician, becauſe he does not give him eaſe; but conſiders, that the Wiſdom of the moſt Wiſe, and the Skill of the moſt Skilful will not avail: When he is Plundered, he does not inveigh againſt the vile Engines of his Miſery, but bewails his Sin that provokes God to turn the Lyons and the Bears looſe upon him; when the *Sabeans* and *Chaldeans* had ſpoiled the Patient *Job*, he calmly ſaid, *The Lord hath given, and*

the Lord hath taken, ch. 1. 21. A quiet Christian, when he is falsly accused of things that his Soul abhors; and sees in such an accusation the hand of the Devil, using weak and malicious People as his Agents to Coyn and Spread his Lyes: He pities their cruel Malice; and in a Contempt of these mean Arts of Hell, says, *The Lord that has chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee*: Or when he hears a *Shimei* rail, for some take delight in railing, they are a Generation of Vipers, Poyson and Stings are in their Make and Constitution; to such he only says, *It may be the Lord has bid them Curse us*, *Ps.* 37. 7. When others are planting Thorns and Bryars to vex him, he will not torture and distress himself; when they wound him, he'll not enrage and multiply the Wounds; such a Christian in every State is calm and quiet: He knows, that God is the Author of all Good, and the Ruler of Evil; that all his Diseases have their Commission from him, as the God of Nature; and all inward Troubles are under his direction,

ction, who is the Father of Spirits, and that in both he will be gracious and merciful.

Fifthly, *Patient waiting upon God implies, that a man do not use any unlawful methods, to rid himself of trouble.* If we use any sinful arts, to escape from this or that Affliction, it is an argument of exhausted Patience, and that our strength is gone; 'Tis heinous unbelief, with reference both to the Power and Goodness of God, as if he were not able, or not inclined to help us. If we have not the presence of our Saviour, as formerly, we must not with *Saul* go to the Witch of *Endor*, or imagine that the Devil can help us when God has left us; we may in all trouble use all the good means for escape that we can; providing they be such as are not inconsistent with the Wisdom of a Man, or the Innocence of a Christian, we are to *wait on the Lord, and to keep his way.* As the Eyes of an Hand-maid are fixed on her Mistress, being ready, with patient attention, to know and do her pleasure; so

must our Eyes with the like dutiful regard be fixed on Heaven. The Precepts of the Gospel are in all these cases quite opposite to the Maxims of the *Stoical Philosophy*, that gave its wise Men leave to end their own Lives, when they found their Pains and Griefs many and insupportable; this indeed, as some observe, shewed the falseness of their Patience, and this was opposite to other Opinions of the same; for they said, there was no Grief, how violent soever, that could overwhelm a wise Man. *Zeno* the famous Author of their Sect strangled himself: A patient attender on God, must not do any thing to shorten or destroy his own Life, by Surfeits, Drunkenness, Intemperance, or any other wicked Action whatsoever.

Sixthly, *This patient waiting on God includes a constant perseverance in all good Duties, till Relief and Mercy come.* We must wait during the sweetness of the Spring, and the Rigors of the Winter, when we are at ease, and when we are in pain; when we prosper in our Affairs,

fairs, and when we meet with unlook'd for ſad Events; we muſt begin to wait in Youth, and not fail till old Age ſhall Snow upon us, *Job* 14. 14. as a Sentinel keeps his Poſt till he be Relieved, if help come not this hour or moment, it may the next: We ſhall never be aſhamed of our hope, if afflictions do nee'r ſo cloſely Beſiege us, our Saviour in due time will march to our aſſiſtance, and reward our Courage and Fidelity, *Exod.* 14. 13. The Husbandman waits for the precious Fruit of the Earth, notwithſtanding he now and then ſees unſeaſonable weather, and very ſharp Seaſons, yet nothing does abate his hope of Harveſt; he knows the joyful day will ſurely come; he does not tarry lazily at home, when the Seaſon does invite him to Sow his Seed; he rouzes himſelf, ſummons his Servants, and all in earneſt go to work together; he is not diſcouraged with a ſtormy day, nor folds his Hands becauſe the Sun does not ſhine, nor the wind blow as he would have it, *Eccel.* 11. 14. But alas, how many excuſes do we make, to evade

our Duty and put it off; 'tis too hot or too cold, too soon or too late to begin to work, many will not be good, because the days are bad, they'll not travel, because they are afraid of Rain; whereas that Rain they fear might lay the dust, that affliction they meet with in the Road, might deliver them from those hurrying cares that at other times blind their Eyes, and obscure their Judgments. Let us take head least the Patience of the Husbandman condemn our peevishness, and our fearful haste, who if we have not help immediately think we are undone; whereas that quiet Son of *Adam*, having Ploughed his Ground and Sown his Seed, takes no further care about it, but leaves the rest to the Influence of Heaven, and the God of Nature. He quietly waits for the Harvest, and for the Rain that plumps the Corn; he would not cut it down when it first begins to spring above the Ground, but stays till 'tis fully ripe. Those Christians that are in darkness should consider, that *Light is sown for the Righteous, Psal.* 97. 11.

Let us not desire to reap before the time, not with a vain labour strive to hasten the Months of Harvest, *Jer.* 5. 24. We shall reap in good time, our Salvation is nearer then when we first believed, and we may with the Husbandman find a deal of work to do before the Harvest come. So a Christian knows, if no Salvation from trouble come in this World, yet Death will set him free; and then the tedious hours of pain, will return no more for ever: 'Tis very hard indeed long to wait it, very grievous to Flesh and Blood; but its highly agreeable to the brightness of our Faith, and the greatness of our Hopes; for what is this poor short Life to a long Eternity? *Simeon* and *Jacob*, and the rest of the waiting Saints, are now at rest in the full enjoyment of their blessed Hopes: Long Attendance upon God, shews a firmness of uncommon Courage, and a most profound Humility. Whereas, to be angry and uneasie, that we are not delivered just when and how we please, betrays too great an Opinion of our

ſelves; for if we were leſs proud, we ſhould be more patient; if we thought of what we deſerve, we ſhould not murmure at the burden that is laid upon us, 1 *Sam.* 13. 11. The haſtineſs of *Saul* brought on his Ruine; he could not wait, and ſo he Rebelled; he acted as if he had been bewitched, for the Rebellion of Princes againſt God, as well as of their Subjects againſt them, is as the ſin of Witchcraft; but to ſtay till he that ſends trouble think fit to call it off, ſhews a temper truely Chriſtian, and is an evidence of a ſubdued and a reſigned Will.

Secondly, We are to conſider the *Reaſons* that ſhould oblige us to this patient Waiting.

Reaſ. 1. *We ſhould patiently wait on God for our many miſeries and ſorrows, call for ſuch a frame of Soul.* The Thorns in our fleſh, and the troubles of our minds, our pains and our fears call for it; our Voyage to Heaven may prove very full of Storms, and by this patience

patience we ſhall eſcape Shipwrack, and not be left to the mercy of the Waves, but have a wiſe Pilot to ſteer us, and a ſure Anchor within the veil: God may give the Devil leave to vex us, an Angel of Satan may buffet us, he may torture and diſtreſs us very ſore, tho' he have not leave to kill us. The roaring of the Lyon makes the Beaſt tremble, tho' they are not within his devouring Jaws. The Devil is often inſtrumental to bring ſickneſs and pain upon us: The worſt of Men ſerve for common Executioners, and the baſeſt of Spirits may ſerve to bring Judgments. And beſides, God will have no Creature uſeleſs; even Storms and Vapours, and Lightning and Thunder fulfil his Will: But now by our patient hope in God, the Malice of the Devil will be turned to Good; his buffeting will teach us the need we have of Chriſt, it will make us watchful, it will make us full of gentleneſs and pity, to ſuch as he falls upon, when we are eſcaped our Bowels will earn over them. This waiting upon God will reconcile

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us to the most painful, and the sharpest methods of his Providence; this disappoints the Devil, who would have us when the hand of God smites us, to torment our own Souls; he will be disappointed if we are not fretful tho' we be diseased; by patient waiting we pull out the sting of troubles; we Conquer Sin, that would otherwise embitter all our Comforts, and rob us of our Peace and Hope, and make God to be our Enemy, and every frown of his is more frightful and astonishing then the united threats of Men; Every touch of his hand is heavier then their combined strength; one drop of his Anger will overwhelm us more then the floods of many Waters: Innumerable Evils in this Life will assault us, both as we are Men and Christians, and therefore we have need of Patience; Patience to steer a right course to Heaven; for we shall meet with many rough and contrary Winds, that will blow upon us from every quarter: Only by this quietness of waiting we shall be happy, as to have no Tempest within,

in, though there may be Storms abroad. We have need of Patience, for we may meet with many Tribulations that will ſhake our confidence, and put our ſtrongeſt Faith to a very ſharp Tryal, and make the bruiſed Reed bend very much, though it do not break. If we have never ſo many years of ſmiling ſhining Light, the days of darkneſs will at length come, and the ſhadowes of the Evening be ſtretched out. Our greener Youth knows but little ſorrow, but it hangs with a mighty weight upon decaying age. A thouſand Miſeries come crouding thick upon old folks, and after all theſe, comes the ſhady veil and bitter death. When we ſtand upon the ſhoar, and view the bluſtering Winds and the rough Seas that we are to encounter, ſurely we need a deal of patience of waiting, and of prayer; and our great afflictions will not be well born, with a little Grace. fiery Tryals will conſume us if we are not fortifyed before we are thrown into the Furnace. We need a vaſt Treaſure of Grace, when we conſider, what pains

we may live to feel, and what stinging troubles and provocations we may meet withal.

Reas. 2. *We should patiently wait upon God, for by our most painful troubles he designs our Welfare*; and if we are not wanting to our selves in a due improvement of our Crosses, we may reap unspeakable advantages: The ruggedness of Adversity may be more useful to us, than all the smoothness of our most unclouded and most easie days, our Souls may thrive with the fairest and most lasting qualities: When our Bodies languish and decay, as 'tis commonly observed, that the People in cold Northern Climates, are more robust and longer lived, than those that are nearer to the South, who are daily broiled with excessive heats, which, by quick degrees, melt their Lives away. In our most overflowing afflictions, we are like those that are at Sea; *Ps.* 107. 24. *We see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep*, a thousand strange things are discovered to them that are in the midst of

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the gaping Waves; that are not ſeen by thoſe that are upon the Land; they ſee the wonders of his Power in their ſupport, the wonders of his Wiſdom, in finding out ways to ſave them in the midſt of danger. We ſhould particularly wait on God in all our ſickneſs, for he then teaches us to know our ſelves, our weakneſs, our ignorance, and the folly of our careleſs unthinking health; he teaches us to ſee, that we and others in our beſt eſtate are altogether Vanity. The ſmartneſs of our pains makes thoſe inſtructions that are given us by the Rod, to be more remembred and more abiding, we cannot after bitter experience forget what a terrible thing Sin is, that makes our Body pine, and our Souls droop. Our troubles that are deep and laſting, teach us to ſee, that none of our fellow Creatures in the very height of their Grandeur and Proſperity are to be the marks of our envy: for they may in one moment be as low as we. We that have been ſcorcht with fiery Tryals, muſt pity thoſe poor Men that have been

singed in the Flames: We should not be uneasie nor grieved at the Cross, for our pain will soon be past, and our past pain gives a mighty relish to our present ease; and we may hope that in the midst of those Sorrows that God sends, he will give us the most refreshing discoveries of his Love, and by the Inconveniencies that sieze our Bodies, remedy and abolish the far greater disorders of our Souls; such as unbelief and ignorance, and self-conceit, and vain glory, and a too great admiration of the world. No Books, nor no Preachers can teach us that which our own painful feeling and sensation does; a few days sickness causes a mighty alteration in all our thoughts, and apprehensions; by this we judge of all things, by a different and a truer Light. We look upon this alluring world with other sort of eyes then we did before; all its paint and varnish does not change its bewitching quality, nor after having seen it at the borders of the Grave, can we think it beautiful or dote upon it: And such a discovery

diſcovery we then make of our ſelves and our own evil hearts, as we never had before. We could not have imagined that our Faith had been ſo weak, till the Storms came and made us tremble. While we are in a calm, and on the quiet ſhore, we do not ſo well know our weakneſs; but when we put out to Sea, and have loſt the ſight of Land, and the Wind and Waves roar about us, then we are amazed and aſtoniſhed. All the Medicinal ſtroaks of God to his Servants, are the product of his Love: He could take all their Burdens off in one moment, but he ſees that their Faith and Patience in the midſt of troubles, is beneficial to themſelves and others: Without ſome of the calmneſs that is in their Souls, this World would be an Hell, a Region of blaſphemous diſcontent in their afflictions; his People have a dearer love to Chriſt, and new manifeſtations of his faithfulneſs, and of the wiſdom of his Conduct.

Reaſ. 3. *This quiet waiting upon God makes us in all ſickneſs, pain and trouble,*

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ease to our selves and others. It makes us possess our Souls in patience; but to be fretful and peevish, and quarrelsome at our burden, makes it more burdensome, and splits one cross into a thousand; fills our bitter Cup, and makes that which before was but half full, to run over with Gall and Wormwood; a sore uneasie temper of mind, makes us that we cannot rest in any posture, and no Pillar will be soft enough for us, when we Crown our Heads with Thorns, an uneasie disquietness of Spirit approaches near to the tormenting fury of the damned. Hell is an abode of horrible rage and discontent; they are ever angry at God, and at themselves, continually burnt with Flaming thoughts: But a patient Soul is like the milky way, no Clouds obscure the brightness of his Grace: He shines with a croud of graces joined together: His Innocent sense of grief, and his expressions of his affliction, fall like the drops of dew in the silent Night; they fall very gently: and where-ever they come, they make

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all very green and flouriſhing. The words of the patient edify the by-ſtanders; and ſhew to them the ſtrength and beauty of Religion. What an attractiveneſs is there in a compoſed quiet Soul. How Serene! how Lovely! 'tis entertained with Muſick, lives and dyes in Harmony. When Storms are without, all is ſtill within; but an impatient man vexes himſelf and others, runs upon the Rocks and ſuffers Shipwrack; he is overloaded with anxious cares, and ſinks beneath the bulky weight, and often in his proſperity he is overſet with too much ſail, his pride and ambition, with too ſtrong a gale, blow him on the ſhelves. Let us therefore ſtrive to keep our Spirits under Government, for the Scorchings of a Feaver, and all the violence with which it preys upon the blood, are not ſurer indications of abated Health, then tumultuous fluctuating paſſions, and diſcontented thoughts, and murmuring expreſſions are of a bad ſtate of Soul.

Reaſ. 4. *Becauſe ſuch evil days may come upon us, wherein we ſhall by our de-*

caying age and trouble be unqualified for active ſervice. We need patiently wait, for it may be long before our Sorrows have a period. Many a weary ſtep may we have to take, and many a burden to bear, before we come to our Journeys end. The time may come, when nothing that offers it ſelf to your Eye, your Ear, or your Taſt, will give you pleaſure; and you'll neither be fit for buſineſs nor recreation; and the motions of your graces will ſhare in the decays of your age. When you are a burden to your ſelf, you'll find no content in other things. Not all the grandeur of preferment could tempt old *Barzillai* to a Court Life; and you'll be very little capable of Spiritual Improvements, when your faculties are weak. When old age with its pale attendants ſhall ſieze upon us, it will be very well, if in the Winter of our Life there be any vigour in our hope: All the Oyl we have put into our Lamps, will be little enough to ſerve us in our paſſage through the dark and ſhady veil. We

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are to take great care, leaſt when the Night comes, our Stock and Treaſure of Grace ſhould be ſpent; and we ſhall find it hard to have inward livelineſs and health, when our outward Man decays. 'Twill be hard to rouze our Courage to new Conflicts, when we come lagging like weary Soldiers from the field of Battle. We can go but a very ſlow pace towards Heaven, when old age has maimed us, and when our Blood begins to freez and ſtagnate in our Veins. In this nearneſs to the Grave, People are generally ſo very feeble, that they are fit for nothing. They are bleſſed, that in circumſtances ſo afflicted, have learned calmneſs and reſignation, and can patiently wait. For by this means a pleaſant Harveſt, and ſweet and eaſie thoughts will ariſe in thoſe furrows that are Ploughed with Age; and while their Foreheads are wrinkled, the face of their Soul will be very ſmooth: No thorny cares, no weeds nor thiſtles will be growing there. In ſuch a caſe, if you patiently wait, you will have the root of

the matter; and that Root will be fixed like some stately Cedar, that has taken deep hold and is not easily torn up; keeps its Station when its leaves are fallen off. In the withering decays of Age, you cannot indeed run very fast in the ways of God, but you may travel by soft and easie Journeys to the Grave, and your Souls be recreated with the bright views of Heaven, whilst your Bodies stoop with the weight of many years. Tho' your hearing fail, you'll be saluted by good News from within; Musick will be in your own breast, when the Daughters thereof are brought low. And you'll have this happiness in the want of that sense, that you'll hear no slanders nor sad tidings. When your gust and relish of other things is gone, you'll feed upon the Bread of Life: When your Eyes are sunk your heart will be in Heaven: And when your Memory is failed, God will not forget you; His word will be the staff that your tottering Age may lean upon.

Reaſ. 5. *By patient waiting upon God we ſhall have renewed ſtrength, and freſh Experience of his Love*; We ſhall have help both for our Bodies and our Souls; a Life of patience tends to its own preſervation; keeps the humours from overflowing their juſt bounds, and the Spirits from irregular fermentation; whereas the peeviſh and impatient chafe themſelves into a continued Fever, and their ſtrength declines and evaporates. It's ſaid, *Deut.* 12. 3. That *the man Moſes was very meek, above all the men that were upon the face of the earth*: And in Ch. 34. 7. *He was an hundred and twenty years old; when he dyed his eyes were not dim, nor his natural force abated.* He had as a man may ſay, a ſpringing Winter, or a youthful Age, a remaining unperiſht vigour in every part. 'Tis moſt certain, that patient waiting upon God, will make him not to ſend thoſe Judgments that waſte and ſhorten Life; ſuch as are thoſe raging Plagues, Famines and Devaſtations, which ſend many thouſands early to the Grave: We

ſhall by this means not paſs our days in his wrath. An aged Chriſtian that has been patient for many years, comes at length, like a Veſſel richly laden home, after a tedious and ſtormy Voyage, full of reviving Experiences of the Divine Goodneſs, from the Morning to the Noon, and to the Evening of his Life. *Pſ.* 71. 17, 18. He calls to mind with joy the various and admirable conduct of his Heavenly Father, and ſleeps in quiet on the lap of Providence. Seeing with what beautiful Wiſdom he had laid the foundation of his Happineſs, and carried on the Structure; how he healed his Diſeaſes, and has ſafely brought him to the borders of a perfect cure: How they were planted as Trees of Righteouſneſs, and by various Acts of Love and Power maintained in the Vineyard; how they were in pain, and how they were eaſed with his tender hand; how they wept in agonies, and how he wiped their tears away; new ſupport ariſes to the patient holy Soul, *Iſa.* 40. 31. It haſtens our eſcape from trouble; as the ſtilneſs and com-

compoſure of any Perſon in a Fever, tends to mitigate its force; but a reſtleſs agitation of the Body, does more and more inflame and fire the Blood. By ſuffering we learn to ſuffer, and patience reconciles us to the Croſs, *Pſ.* 27. 14. No ſtudied arguments, no fine Sentences do ſo fortify the Soul in trouble as its own experience: This is the Lenitive of anxious and unquiet thoughts; gives a ſecret refreſhing, and a mighty ſtrength; this pours balm into thoſe Wounds, that otherwiſe might gangreen and feſter; when clog'd with outward infirmities, and when there are the marks and ſigns of a falling habitation; there will be the proſpect of an houſe not made with hands; and when death is in the windows, there will be ſtrength in the heart.

Reaſ. 6. *This patient waiting does moſt excellently prepare for the mercies waited for*, and gives them when they come the ſweeteſt reliſh; they are welcome as reſt to weary Travellers, that long to be at home. When God and a waiting

Soul meet together, What transports and joys are there? *O he is come, he is come, that I long'd to see!* it revives me to hear his chearing Language, to see his smiling face. In what an extasie was Old *Simeon*, whilst he embraced his Saviour; many a long year had he waited for the blessed sight. O happy eyes that saw that Sun begin his Race! happy Arms that embraced and hugg'd so great a Treasure! *Luke* 2. 36. O what a joy to a Father, to see a Prodigal returning home, after he had long stayed and waited for his return? With what Musick, with what Joys, with what Feasts does he solemnize such a pleasant day? Thus 'tis reported of *Augustin's* mother, what a concern she had for her Son, he was the daily Subject of her Prayers and Tears; that St. *Ambrose* often when she mourned, sent her away with this Answer, *That it was not possible, that a Child of so many Prayers should perish.* No sooner was he Converted, but her Spirit was at ease, and she now desired no more. He tells us in his *Confessions,*

ſeſſions, that when the day approacht that his Mother was to paſs to a better Life, as they were talking together of the joys of Heaven; in the Concluſion of this Conference, which was the moſt agreeable in all the World; ſhe ſaid to me, *My Son, I avow to you, that as to what relates to my ſelf, that I have now no further hopes nor pleaſure in this world: I know not what I do here, for I have nothing more to look for. The only thing that made me deſirous to live, was to ſee thee a good Chriſtian before my death; now my good God has granted me ſo great a favour, as to ſee thee become entirely his Servant, by the contempt that thou haſt of all the goods and pleaſures of this Life, Why then do I tarry here any longer.*

Reaſ. 7. *It cures the frowardneſs of our ſpirits in our laſt ſickneſs, and makes death very happy*, and Heaven very ſweet, not an unbecoming thought nor word of God. The Concluſion of ſuch a ſerene Life, is ſtill and fair as the Evening of a Summers day: Such an one is not puſht

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or hurryed out of the World; but walks out as from one Room into another; sleeps in death, with the composure of an Infant sucking at its Mothers Breast; they go by a smooth descent to death: some without much pain; tho' but rarely is that exemption from the assaults of the last Enemy granted. Some are laid down very gently on their bed of dust, and others with groans and sighs extinguish the dwindling lamp of Life. A patient Soul is ready, and if God give the word, it gladly flies away; it longs and flutters to be gone; and in the parting moment, such an one shall not be left: a Convoy of Angels shall wait upon it, to see it safe through all the Regions of the Air, where the Evil Spirits would dispute its passage to Glory. Oh how welcome is Heaven to a troubled weary Soul! How welcome are Hallelujah's to one, that upon Earth heard the slanders and reproaches of many a bitter Tongue; the Clouds of Life are then scattered, and there succeeds an eternal day: Then patience has no further

ther work, for there is no pain; there hope is vaniſh't, for the Good that was once deſired is poſſeſt. The calm of that quiet Region into which we enter after death, will make amends for all the Storms we met with in the way thither. How many Bleſſed Souls ſhall we meet that were in Storms as well as we? that were ſick and tempted, and ſcorned and afflicted, that had weak Bodies and fearful Spirits? and to go thither from ſuch a World as this, from the Subburbs of Hell into the New *Jeruſalem.* Tho' we are in Tempeſts, yet we are not to live upon the Sea. Our Life may be very calamitous, but 'tis alſo very ſhort: Tho' loaded with bitter and uneaſie griefs, yet in Heaven there is no more ſorrow, for there is no ſin: there will be light in our Minds, peace in our Conſciences, and comfort in our Hearts; there will be no more fear in the place of Eternal Love, no trembling doubting Soul in all the vaſt Aſſembly: they cannot queſtion whether they Love Chriſt or not, when they are with him.

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All their former suspicions are turned into pleasant wonder, *Isa.* 60. 2. Its an Honour to be in Christ betimes, an Honour to be Christ's Disciple, and much more Honourable to be in his glorious Temple. Oh Blessed are they that are at their Journeys end, after having waited long for God; he seeing they could find no durable rest below, put out his hand, and took them into his Ark above. How can we almost forbear congratulating those happy Souls, that *have fought the good fight of faith*, and have got the Victory. While we sin they are absolutely pure; they Rejoyce while we Mourn: tho' thanks be to God we mourn in hope; what we pray for, they enjoy. When we see these calm and patient Christians going to Heaven; we say, *O our fathers, our fathers, the Horsmen of Israel, and the Chariots thereof*, ye were our Defence and our Glory; we can hardly forbear saying, Oh that we were with you, why have you left us behind? but you were in Christ before us, and are with him sooner; you entered into the

the Vineyard ſooner, and ſo before us are rewarded; we will indeavour to tread in your ſteps; then you and we, nay Jeſus, our deareſt Jeſus and we ſhall meet together! I often think of that place, *Eccl.* 4. 1, 2. becauſe ſo many afflictions and miſeries, and judgments, are the portion of the Living. Bleſſed are they that ſleep in the quiet Grave, no more terrified with Dreams, no more complain of reſtleſs Nights, and of Months of Vanity; no more do they hear the Confuſions and Diſorders of our World. And to the quietneſs of our ſlumbers there, nothing contributes more than patient waiting when we are alive. How did *Jacob* bleſs his Sons before he dyed? and how ſweetly did he yield his Breath? *Gen.* 49. 3. O happy death to wait for God's Salvation, and to ſee the Salvation that he waited for; Salvation carries a very pleaſant ſound; but the Salvation of a God is very great and glorious. The hope of this ſweetens the lives of the bleſſed Heirs of Heaven; it pulls out the thorns of ſickneſs, and the

the ſting of death; it relieves their age; it makes the Grave to loſe its horrour; it makes their Bed of duſt very ſoft; they live in motion, and they reſt in peace: They exhauſt their Spirits in the work of God; but they never come to the dregs of Life, for theirs is clear and pure to the very bottom.

Exhortations to thoſe that have patiently watied on God even in Old Age.

Reflect. 1. *How gracious he has been to you, in giving you many years, wherein to get Oyl, and to trim your Lamps,* and to prepare for another World. How many ſtorms have you out-lived that made others ſink? Many, many young People are gone to Judgment a great while ago, while that Hand that cruſht them, has been very gentle and merciful to you. You have ſurvived the dangers, and the ſins, and the giddineſs of Youth, and are now almoſt at our Journeys end.

2. *Endeavour to do good to others, that have not had ſuch experience of God*

as

as you. Thus you bring forth fruit in old age, and are fat and flouriſhing, *Pſ.* 92. 14. you do, as it were, grow young again, with a vaſt acceſſion to your Spiritual ſtature. When you are full of patience, and by your Example and your Words declare to others how faithful and how kind God has been to you: So, by teaching them knowledge, you will rekindle and inflame your own Light; whilſt others younger then you decay, you ſhall thrive and proſper. He that planted you makes the green Tree to wither, and the dry to grow. You'll not only go to Heaven fully ripe for Glory, like a ſhock of Corn gathered in due ſeaſon, but there will be ſomething for others to glean when you are gone: And in the mean time Summer and Winter, Youth and Old Age, doe as it were meet in you; the decays of one, and the fruitfulneſs of the other. In your Evening there is Light, *Zech.* 8. 4, 5. Fortifie your ſelves with the Experiences of God, goodneſs whenever your patience is like to tire, as *Polycarp* ſaid

ſaid, when he was urged by the Proconſul to deny Chriſt, or to do ſomething like it: *Theſe fourſcore and ſix Years, have I ſerved Chriſt, and he never did me any harm; and how can I then blaſpheme my Maſter and my Saviour.* Exhort others to fear, and love, and truſt God, as you have done; by your Holy Awe and Reverence, ſeek upon all occaſions to Correct their Lightneſs and their Vanity. You have ſerved a good Maſter, and you have had the Honour to ſerve him very long; be not now weary of his work, be not now for going out of his Vineyard, when he that employed you, is juſt coming to reward your diligence. Be of good Courage, *The Lord is at hand; O ye aged People bleſs the Lord* your Preſerver, and daily ſing his praiſe; let your Winter, as well as the Spring of Youth, praiſe the Lord. How few have had that time for Heaven, that you have had? Oh the bleſſed Seaſons and Days of Grace, that you have had! It's a wonderful Honour to thoſe that are old, that they have ſo large

large a ſpace, wherein to do a World of Good, to enlarge the Kingdom of Chriſt, and to make their future Crown more weighty: And none ſhould grudge to labour for fourſcore or an hundred Years, when for ſo ſhort a Duration of painful Diligence, he ſhall have an Everlaſting Recompence. By living to old Age, you have more Wiſdom, and Experience, and Skill, than others; your Graver Years teach you to beware of ſeveral Rocks that they ſplit upon. And all theſe Mercies are heightned to ſuch as arrive to an Healthful old Age, not loaded with the uſual Pains and Griefs, and Languiſhing Motions of decaying Age, for then the longer the Life, the more the Miſery, *Joſhua* 14. 10, 11. Thus Life does ſmoothly take its courſe, without meeting with great Obſtructions in the way, and is not only Long but Happy too. This was the peculiar Felicity of the Patriarchs before the Flood, their Lives were extended to almoſt a thouſand Years, and yet we read of none of thoſe Sad Symptoms attending them, that at-

tend us now at fourſcore, *Pſal.* 90. 10. It's a very comfortable thing, to have neither a poor nor ſickly Age, neither to want Neceſſaries, nor to be in Pain: 'Tis a Bleſſing to live to ſee your Poſterity, and a greater Joy to ſee them walking in the Truth, *Pſal.* 128. 6. but yet none can expect to be freed from the evil days mentioned *Eccleſ.* 12. 1. full of trembling Palſies, grievous Aches, lingering Pains, and innumerable Evils; but if you patiently wait on God, and improve well your declining Years, you'll at length be ſatisfied with living as 'tis ſaid of *Job*, Chap. 42. 17. *He died, being old and full of days.* He roſe as from a Feaſt, not Surfeited, but well pleaſed with the Joys and Plenty of his latter Days. He was once indeed in another Frame, when his Spirits were overclouded with Melancholy, and his Soul was burnt with Anguiſh, when he had reſtleſs Pain by day, and no ſweet Sleep at night, *Chap.* 7. 4. then he wiſh'd for any ſort of Death, tho' Shameful and Untimely, tho' Violent and Uncommon,

Verſe

Verſe 5, 16. But this was more *Job*'s Diſeaſe than his Grace, 'twas a moſt raſh and haſty Wiſh; to die in Terror and Anguiſh, is a forlorn and doleful way of dying: He eagerly thirſted for the Grave, but at laſt he looked upon it with another Eye, and went to it as a weary Traveller goes to Bed: He looked for the finiſhing of his Courſe with ſubmiſſive regular Deſires, and Quiet Hopes: So refreſh'd and ſatisfied with living, are thoſe that are good in Age, but a *Sinner an hundred year old is accurſed.* Curſed in his neglect of the Buſineſs of Life, Curſed as condemned by a perpetual Deſire of Longer and Longer Time, he is pained with Trouble, and afraid to die. The Sins of his Youth have a Reſurrection in his Thoughts, and ſcare him with the ſight of Death, as knowing they will not only lye down with him in the Grave, but riſe with him thence. And yet amidſt ſuch hideous Views and Apprehenſions, he has an unquenchable and painful Thirſt after thoſe Pleaſures that are paſt away: His Luſt is freſh and

lively when his Head is grey; every thing about him grows old but his Sin; and a long Life to such an one, is but a continued Load of Guilt, a daily treasuring up of Wrath against the Great Day: But nothing is more Decent or more Lovely, than to see a remaining Green under the Snow of Age: The Beauty of an old Man, is his Grace as well as his Years: To be full of Days, and to be full of Grace, full of Faith, and Hope, and Joy in God, is to be as beautiful as ever any was in the most blooming gayest Youth. *Job* 5.26. *Thou shalt come to thy Grave in a full Age, like as a Shock of Corn cometh in his season.* It sheds and spoils if it stay too long, if it be not gathered when 'tis fully Ripe, and the Season of it is as well lost, as when 'tis taken too green. Do you that are Old, take care of all the Evils proper to your advanced Age, of Peevishness, and Moroseness, and Sourness, and Covetousness; and let those that are Young, be Temperate and Sober, and useful to the World, that they may either live to be old, or get to

Heaven

Heaven betimes. Do you that are Aged improve your leiſure Hours to prepare for your Change; and do you that are Young, liſten to the Speeches and Directions of thoſe that are near their latter end. In your old Age recreate your ſelves with looking forward to a better State; and when you do but very faintly draw your Breath, yet be breathing after Heaven; and your ſincere Sighs and Groans ſhall be as acceptable as all the Motions of your ſwifter Youth: And when your Tongues begin to faulter, let your Actions ſpeak your Patience and Submiſſion to the Will of God: And when you are even like to ſink with Pains and Miſeries, Oh remember you are almoſt at home; you have but a little while to run, and you ſhall obtain; a little while to fight, and you ſhall be Crowned: Watch a little longer, the Sun is juſt ſetting, and in a few Moments you may be allowed to go to ſleep; there is but a little Sand left in your Glaſs; your Life is like a Candle burnt quite to the bottom: And though the Religion of young People is very

pleaſant in the Eye of God, their Graces ſend forth a ſweet Perfume; and when he walks in his Garden, 'tis agreeable to him to ſee the moiſt Flowers breath out their Morning Incenſe; yet he loves old Diſciples too, and he gives them his Word and his Promiſe for their tottering Age to rely upon. Be ſure to improve the leiſure of your declining Years to the beſt Purpoſes, and be thankful that you are now retiring from the Noiſe and Hurry of the diſagreeing buſie World. As Sir *Henry Wotton* ſaid after a kind of tempeſtuous Life, I have a great Advantage from my God, that makes the Out-goings of the Morning to Praiſe him; I daily magnifie him for his particular Mercy, of an Exemption from Buſineſs, a quiet Mind, and a liberal Maintenance, even in this part of my Life, when my Age and Infirmities ſeem to ſound a Retreat from the Pleaſures of this World, and invite me to Contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greateſt Felicity. You may make uſe of all the Remembrances of the places where you have lived, to help you

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in the beſt things. As Mr. *Walton* tells us of the aforeſaid Politician, that he ſaid upon his being in his old Age in *Wincheſter* School, My being in this School, and ſeeing the very place where I ſate when I was a Boy, occaſioned me to remember the Thoughts of my Youth that then poſſeſſed me, Sweet Thoughts indeed, that promiſed my growing Years numerous Pleaſures, without mixtures of Cares; and thoſe to be enjoyed, when time (which therefore I thought ſlow paced) had changed my Youth into Manhood: But Age and Experience have taught me, thoſe were but empty Hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretel, *Sufficient to the day is the Evil thereof.* I have, ſays he to Mr. *Hales* then of *Eaton*, in my paſſage to my Grave, met with moſt of thoſe Joys of which a diſcurſive Soul is capable, and have not wanted thoſe that were inferior. Nevertheleſs, I have not in this Voyage always floated on a Calm Sea, but have often met with croſs Winds and Storms, with many Troubles of Mind,

and Temptations to Evil. And yet though I have been and am a Man compass'd about with Humane Frailties, Almighty God has, by his Grace, kept me from making Shipwrack of Faith and a good Conscience, the thought of which is now the Joy of my Heart, and I most humbly praise him for it; and I humbly acknowledge, that it was not my self, but he, that hath kept me to this great Age, and let him take the Glory of his Mercy. And now my dear Friend, continues he, I now see that I draw near my Harbour of Death; that Harbour that will secure me from all the future Storms and Waves of this restless World; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that World, wherein dwelleth Righteousness. And to him I add the Example of Mr. *George Herbert*, that blessed Man, that *other David*, that tuned his Soul with Heavenly Thoughts, and Musically lived, and Musically died. Mr. *Walton* in his Life tells us, that in the time of his last Decays, he did often thus express himself to Mr. *Woodnot* and his other Friends,

Friends, that attended him in his Languiſhing Condition.

I now look back upon the Pleaſures of my Life paſt, and ſee the Content I have taken in Beauty, in Wit, in Muſick, and pleaſant Converſation, are now all paſt by me, like a Dream, or as a Shadow that returns not, and are all now become dead to me, or I to them: And I ſee, that as my Father and Generation has done before me, ſo I alſo ſhall now ſuddenly (with *Job*) *make my Bed in the dark*, and I praiſe God I am prepared for it; and I praiſe him that I am not to learn Patience, now I ſtand in ſuch need of it, and that I have practiſed Mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die Eternally: And my Hope is, that I ſhall ſhortly leave this Valley of Tears, and be free from all Fevers and Pain: And which will be a more Happy Condition, I ſhall be free from Sin, and all the Temptations and Anxieties that attend it; and this being paſt, I ſhall dwell in the *New Jeruſalem*, dwell there with Men made perfect; dwell where theſe Eyes ſhall

ſee

see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with him see my Relations and my Friends: But I must die, or not come to that happy Place; and this is my Content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day that I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me: And that I shall live the less time for having lived thus, and the day past.— And to another he said, My dear Friend, I am sorry that I have nothing to present to my merciful God but Sin and Misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter.

Thirdly, *Do not murmur, if some that began to wait upon God later than you, yet have more Joys.* He is gracious to you still, and he may do with his own what he will. Though it is your Privilege to have served him long, yet remember you are at the best, and when you have done all, but unprofitable Servants; they that came in later to the Vineyard, may have as much Joy as you, but you have as much as you deserve: He may give

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to his Returning Prodigals very noble Entertainment, but you that are elder are not excluded from the Feaſt, you may come and taſte of the Fatted Calf, and ſhare in all the Feſtival Solemnities and Joys of others. The Surlineſs of the elder Brother in the Parable, diſcovered a great deal of Spiritual Pride; made him undutiful to his Father, and unkind to his Brother, whom in Union to his Father's Carriage, he ſhould have welcom'd home. There was in all the Behaviour towards him, nothing of Injuſtice or Partiality, he took nothing from the Elder to give the Younger, he did not ſtrip him to cloath his Brother. Can you who are Aged murmur who muſt have Heaven at laſt? In the mean time God is yours, all that he hath is yours, his Son, his Word and Promiſes, and Innumerable Bleſſings. It ſhould rejoyce you, to think that theſe younger Servants of your Maſter may prove eminent Inſtruments of his Glory, when you are at reſt from your Labours.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, *With humble reliance on the Grace of God, endeavour to perſevere in his Service to the laſt moments of your Lives.* You have done a great deal for Chriſt, which is matter of Joy, but you have done it all with his aſſiſtance, which is matter of Humility, 1 *Cor.* 15. 9, 10. Alas, how little have you done for God, of what you might have done: It was a great Favour to you, that you did not grow old among his Enemies; but it is a Favour that obliges you to a particular Acknowledgment. Oh take heed leaſt *having begun in the Spirit, you end in the Fleſh,* and degenerate to Formality and Worldlineſs, and a vain Religion: Take heed leaſt your *latter end be not worſe than your beginning*; Paul *the Aged, and a Priſoner, was ſtill doing good,* Philem. 9. Some will ſay I have laboured ſo hard, and done ſo much, I hope I may now ſit ſtill and take mine eaſe. You muſt labour till your laſt Sand be run; you muſt labour from your firſt Morning to the concluſion of your day, from your Converſion to your Death; and you muſt ſtrive

ſtrive that your laſt days may be your beſt.

To all ſuch aged Servants of our Lord, ſo Steddy, ſo Religious, and ſo Fruitful, there is a great Reverence due from young People: We muſt not deſpiſe thoſe that are Old, for if we live we ſhall be ſo too, and then others may with juſtice treat us as we treated them; a good old Man or Woman are never to be ſpoke of, but with terms of Reſpect, and not with ſuch a ſlight Air, and jearing Contemptuous ſort of Expreſſion, that is uſual with many giddy People; with all imaginable deference does St. *Paul* ſpeak of *Andronicus* and *Junia who were in Chriſt before him*, Rom. 16. 7. And as *Solomon* obſerves, *Prov.* 16. 31. *The hoary head is a Crown of Glory, if it be found in the way of Righteouſneſs*, that is, Old Age is very honourable, if it do not diſhonour it ſelf by a Courſe of wicked Actions. The wiſe King intimates, that a great reſpect is to be paid to one who has long travelled in the beſt way, ſomewhat reſembling that which is to be given to

a Crowned Head. It's a most comely thing to see Grace ripening with the Maturity of Age; and the number of Services to God and Men, bearing proportion with the number of increasing Years: Old Age, though decrepit, is honourable, like the Ruins of some noble Palace, there remains in the Fragments of the stately Structure, some Gracefulness and Beauty, something uncommon and Magnificent. It may be said of Goodness of a long standing, as of *old Gold, old painting, Sculpture, Statuary and Architecture*; the Pieces that have most Antiquity, are generally most valuable, their Duration does not lessen, but increase their Excellence: Good old Age is, to the true discerners of things, full of Wonder and Observation, as in a Winter or a Frost Landskip may be expressed a curious deal of Art, though such as are young Practitioners in Painting, may perhaps be more affected with those Descriptions that represent the blooming Spring. 'Tis certain that Persons advanced in years and Grace, have a more establish'd Love

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to God than younger People; and we may, as to this, prefer their more grounded Knowledge, before that of such as have been but a while tutored and disciplin'd in the School of Christ.

The more General Use.

First. IN all your Troubles, to further your patient waiting upon God, be sure to pray unto him for Support, or for Deliverance. When St. *Paul* had a Thorn in the Flesh, a painful Disease, that created as much trouble to him, as a Thorn usually does in the tender Flesh; *He sought the Lord thrice*, which denotes his earnestness and his fervent Desire to have the Cross removed; as to that he was not heard, but he obtained sufficient Grace, which was infinitely better than external Ease and Comfort: Say when you are deeply distressed, *O Master save me or else I perish:* And when Troubles increase, we must renew our Cries, as the Mariners double their Cable of the Anchor when

when the Storm grows more furious; and it is far from being a Sin, to pray against violent and sharp Afflictions, because it argues a right Knowledge of our own Weakness, and that we are not able to bear a Burden that is very heavy? We may lawfully desire to be freed from tedious, and lingering, and sharp Pain, for the length of it is a very great Temptation. There are two things which we may pray against, 1. *Reproach*, That like some Indian Poisons Murthers us by slow degrees, and shoots its envenomed Arrows in the dark, we are wounded, and we know not who it is that bends the Bow; the blasting of our good name, is *a Persecution of the worst kind*, 'tis one of the most refined Stratagems of Hell; and such as *slander* their Neighbour, either know not what they do, and then they are Fools, or they do it wilfully, and then they are Devils, they smell rank of Fire and Brimstone: Some are as forward to put off all the Productions of their gangreen'd ulcerated Spirits, as if they had got a Patent for Lying, as if they had engross'd

engroſs'd and monopoliz'd this Sin; they think a little Backbiting has no great harm in it, whereas there may be Death in a Whiſper, as well as Murther in a Wiſh. We may pray againſt *Anguiſh* and *Terror* of Soul, which is like a fiery Furnace and ſcorches us on every ſide, and imbitters all that others call the Pleaſures and the Sweets of Life: Eſpecially muſt we pray, that when ſickneſs or pain robs us of our Health, ſin may not at the ſame time rob us of our Faith and Hope in God: as alſo that it would pleaſe him not to allow Satan to rake in our wounds; and when his Almighty hand has ſmitten us, that he would not leave his Enemy and ours to touch us to the Quick as he did *Job*: and that at laſt all his malice may be defeated, and that thirſt extinguiſhed whereby he ſo eagerly thirſts and longs for our Ruine; and if we patiently wait, we muſt in all our Pains maintain a moſt entire Compliance with the Will of our Corrector, both as to the continuance and removal of our Sufferings:

And while they last, let us open with all the freedom imaginable our whole Case, and all its circumstances to the Father of our Spirits; and when we open our Griefs, his Bowels will earn over us: our very miseries have with him a pleading and a moving Eloquence, *This poor man cryed, and the Lord heard him.* You may cry to the Lord, which implies a vehement eager motion of the Soul, and an outward expression of your sense of Grief: The best of men have not been insensible of pain and trouble; *Abraham*, and *Isaac*, and *Jacob* and the other Patriarchs felt these Inconveniences of Life as well as other men. 'Tis said of *Jacob*, *Gen.* 48. 1. that he was sick; and *ver.* 10. that *his eyes were dim for age, so that he could not see:* he was bedrid sometime before his death, and no doubt had his Groans and his Crys like other Aged men. *David* with all his Musick could not preserve an undecaying Youth, nor charm away the cold Winter of his Life. When *he was old and stricken in years, they covered*

vered him with clothes, but he got no heat, 1 Kings 1. 1. And in other seasons of his Life, he says, the pressure of his grief was so very weighty, that it made him *groan all the night*, and he was *weary with his groaning*, *and his bed swimmed* in an inundation of overflow-Tears, *Ps.* 6. 6. and Ps. 38. 8. *I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.* This Roaring, notes the Loudness and Vehemence of his Cries. And says the poor desolate *Job*, when his *melancholy* and terrors were upon him, chap. 30. 28. *I went mourning without the Sun: I stood up and cryed in the Congregation.* I had, during my tempestuous Night, scarce a glimpse or beam of Joy. I was in such flaming Anguish, that I corcht my Body, and preyed upon my Soul; I was in such dreadful and amazing fears that I was not able to keep silence. My inward torment, even when I was in any publick Assembly, made me shriek and cry aloud. And *Hezekiah* says of his sick and languishing condition, Isa. 38.

14. *Like a Crane or a Swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a Dove.* His Cry was quick, and frequent, and loud, and frightful; with a very sorrowful and doleful Tone: His Eyes failed with waiting, and his Heart was even like to break. These Examples I alledge to shew you that the best of men may be sensible of pain, and yet be submissive to the Author of it. Loud Groans and Crys are no marks of an inward Impatience and disorder; for by these troubled Nature gives it self a little vent, and it gives a little ease, tho' indeed but very little; because our returning Grief makes our Groans and Crys return. Tho' they are innocent and unavoidable expressions of some weighty sorrow that is like to crush us. Grace does not overthrow Nature, tho' it corrects all its excesses and disorders. We know that the Language of the Sick has not the livelyness the briskness and strength of those that speak in health: their Countenance, their Looks, their Actions, their words are all changed. All indeed are not

not equally ſenſible, for ſome perſons have a finer ſet and contexture of Spirits, and conſequently a quicker ſenſe of Pain than thoſe that are of a heavier and duller Conſtitution. The delicate temper of the Body of our Saviour, was more ſuſceptible of grief than the Bodies of the Thieves that were Crucified with him.

2dly. *When you pray, do not wonder if you are not immediately anſwered:* do not murmure at the ſlow pace of Divine Mercy. You ſhall have help in the moſt beautiful ſeaſon, when the glory of God and your good may be moſt promoted. If he as yet delay to hear your very earneſt and importunate Crys, remember that *his Elect cry to him day and night*, and he will at length avenge their Cauſe. The *Souls under the Altar cry*; all Nature, Groans and Crys to be eaſed of the miſeries that our ſin has brought upon it. We muſt pray, but not preſume to tell our Benefactor what, and when he is to give. 'Tis an excellent poſture to be found

waiting on our Knees, tho' mercy and deliverance come not just when we would have it.

1. *Those things which we many times most earnestly ask might be vastly prejudicial to us.* Many an one says, give me this or that or else I die; and the very things they prayed for, when obtained, prove a curse; and those in which they hoped to rejoyce many years, send them betimes mourning to the grave. *Rachel* said to *Jacob*, give me Children, or else I die. There was in her speech a great deal of childish weakness and impatience: She hoped the having a Child, would prolong her life, and she smarted for her wish, she died in her Lying In. Many are very importunate with God, and nothing will serve them but this or that particular Comfort, I must have it, or I am undone; and when they have the Idolized Vanity that they doted on, they quickly find cause to repent of their hasty follies. The *Israelites* were fond of a *King*, but they had a long time wherein to repent of that fondness.

You may perhaps have what you ask, but you may have it with a frown, with ſuch diſpleaſure as will change your Wine to Vinegar; and your ſmootheſt delights into the rougheſt thorns, *Pſal.* 78. 31. It is a friendly act of God to refuſe us often what we ask, when it is really for our hurt; and to ſave us from our miſguided wiſhes is the love and kindneſs of a Father. If *Paul* had had his thorn removed immediately he might too greatly ſwell with his Gifts and Revelations, or be like a *Saul* again.

2dly. *Tho' God do not immediately hear our Crys, yet he may gratifie us in better things.* *Moſes* begged to enter into *Canaan*, but he had no remaining longing after that happy Land, when he was once in Heaven. The joys of Paradiſe had with him a ſweeter taſte than all the Milk and Honey of that could ever give. We have no cauſe to grumble that our Suits too long depend, if in the delays of deſired help, he now and then gives us a ſight of his amiable Face. The Croſs will not overwhelm us, when his

Arms are underneath: when, tho' he do not remove the Cup, yet he sweetens it with his Love: he delays to save us to try our faith, and to make his Salvation more illustrious. As *Jesus*, tho' he heard that *Lazarus* was sick, *Joh.* xi. 6, 7. he did not hasten to his dying Friend, as knowing he intended to glorifie his power in his Resurrection.

3. *He delays an immediate Answer to our Crys, to see whether we can patiently wait, and believe his promise, when we have no sensible proofs of his good will.* Whether with the Woman of *Canaan* we will continue Suppliants when he seems to chide us from his presence. This is an evidence of confirmed patience when we abide waiting at his door, tho' for several hours or days he seems to take no notice of our Crys.

4. *He suffers us to wait a long time before he hear our Crys, to bring our sins to remembrance*; and to put us in mind how we used him, how long, how many a tedious hour we made him stay before we bid him welcome to our hearts,

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a long time he knockt e're we let him in: It's no wonder that he uſes us as we uſed him, 'tis a moſt equitable and unblameable retaliation, that we ſhould taſt of the Fruit that we have planted.

5. *He loves to ſee his Servants in a praying poſture*, for it is an argument of Love and of Humility; their Tears are botled; he knows that theſe Sorrows, like *April* ſhowers, will make them more fruitful afterwards; and that by praying they learn to pray; and the frequent returns of duty make them to perform it with greater zeal and skill.

As to your Crys to God for help in trouble, obſerve theſe Rules.

1. *Be ſure to offer up all your Crys in the Name of Chriſt*, and all the while you pray think of his kind, and compaſſionate, and prevailing Interceſſion. Cry in his Name for you are encouraged ſo to do, from his Promiſes, from the vertue of his Blood and Merits, from his nearneſs to God, and his Love to you. You find *Mat.* 14. 23. that he was praying on the Mountain when his Diſciples were in a ſtorm

storm at Sea. As he suffers not in all our Agitations, so he is not unmindful of our Troubles: when we are tost hither and thither by the changes of our Bodys or our Souls; *He is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever,* Heb. 13. 8. How many Gulphs would swallow us up, and against how many Rocks should we be dasht if it were not for the powerful and tender remembrance of our Saviour. Let us under every Cross pray to God in his Name; for by his sufferings we are reconciled, and have access to the Throne of Grace, a Throne sprinkled with Blood; whereas without him we had trembled at the Bar of strict Justice: And he prays for us, not only as a Favourite, but as the Surety of the Covenant; not meerly by intreaties, but in the vertue of his Blood. And whenever we make mention of his blessed Name, it must be with the lowest reverence, with a due apprehension of our unworthiness, and an high value of the Love and Grace of Christ; and take care to avoid whatsoever may obstruct

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the ſucceſs of your repeated Crys. For ſays the Apoſtle, *Ye ask and receive not, becauſe ye ask amiſs*, James 4. 3.

2. *When you have Prayed and Cryed, look for an anſwer of your Prayers.* Let not your Requeſts be ſhot at random, propoſe to your ſelves ſome good end, and ſee whether you have obtained it. If you have asked peace of Soul, enquire whether all be ſtill within, and whether his Light has ſhined upon you with its chearing Beams. If you have beg'd Patience, enquire whether you have more willingneſs to ſuffer; and ſo in all other Caſes it argues that we perform our duties as a Task, and from a ſlaviſh temper or a cold indifference, when we never concern our ſelves for the ſucceſs: and it is a with-holding of that Glory that is due to God; for upon every anſwer of our prayers we ſhould give him freſh Acts of Praiſe. If we have a Petition depending in any Court, as we wait with hope, ſo we fail not on all occaſions to enquire whether it be remembred and kindly received; and whether we

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are like to have what we petitioned for. But if we neglect to review this part of solemn Worship, we lose that trust and hope that we might have had, and we weaken our own hands. For to mind our answered prayers would encrease our Love, *Psal.* 116. 1. and our neighbours fare the worse for this Omission, we do not incourage and invite them to praise God with us.

3. *Wonder greatly that such poor Crys as yours should reach Heaven.* It was matter of great thought to *Solomon*, when he said, 1 Kings 8. 27. *Will God indeed dwell on the Earth?* He that has all the spatious Heavens for his Circuit and Dominion, will he not only visit this Earth, but dwell there? So may you say, will he whose Court is thronged with Angels and happy Saints, regard such a poor Wretch as I? Will he that sits upon a Throne regard me a Prisoner on this Earth? Will he that is surrounded with Hallelujah's, regard my sighs, my groans, my tears? Oh what Grace is this! What adorable condescen-

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tion! I know he would not regard me, but for the ſake of Chriſt; *Glory be then given to him that ſits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb.* I am not worthy to look towards Heaven, what am I then that my prayers ſhould reach thither, and enter, and be recorded, and anſwered there? A poor Beggar is not diſdained by the King of Kings, he does not trample on a worm, *Pſ.*34.3,6. O what am I that I ſhould be admitted into the Preſence, and have audience of the King of Heaven; *Lord what is man, or the ſon of man? How ſhall I know that God has heard my Cry, and that my patient waiting has not been in vain.*

1. *If he beſtow upon you the very thing that you requeſted:* If after your cry for eaſe you are eaſed; if you are recovered after you have prayed to be brought from the Gates of Death? If after having had many ſollicitous thoughts about your being falſly accuſed, God is at length pleaſed to ſcatter the Cloud, and make your Innocence appear to the ſhame of your malicious Enemies?

Enemies? Thus *Jabez* prayed in 1 Chro. 4. 10. *That God would bless him, and enlarge his Coast. And he granted him that which he requested.* It was a superabundant kindness to one desirous of Grandeur and Dominion, for *Jabez* might have been a very happy man, tho' his Coast had not been enlarged; he might have governed and enjoyed himself and his Friends in a little room; and he might have gone to Heaven by the way of grief.

2. *Your Crys are heard when God gives you resignation to his Will*, even in the absence of that which you most eagerly desired: if after having poured out your supplications, you return from his presence chearful, and easie, and well pleased, leaving him that is infinitely wise to do with you and your Bodies, with you and your Friends, what seems best to him: when you find your hearts unbroken with anxious cares and solicitude whether you are gratified or no: This secret contentment is a foretast of Heaven, and a pledge and instance of Divine Love.

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3. *'Tis a most certain sign of your Cry being heard, when even in the delays of the desired Comfort, you love God more than you ever did.* When your thoughts of him are more frequent and delightful: when your love to all his appointments, and even to paintful Duties is increased, and that you are thankful for the smallest mercies, for the smallest intervals of pain and trouble; and when even *in the way of his judgments you wait for him*; by all which you may plainly perceive that your prayers may be heard when your affliction is not removed, and many times the Mercies may be given, and they are so sudden or surprizing, that you scarce can believe your selves delivered, even when you are delivered, *Psal.* 126. 1. and *Acts* 12. 14. tho' they had the faith to pray for *Peter*, they had not the faith to believe that he was escaped, and knocking at the door.

The Second General Head, in order to your patient waiting upon God, you must endeavour to keep up in your minds good

good and honourable thoughts of him all the while you are in trouble. It is with great industry and art that the Devil takes occasion from our affliction to possess us with unbecoming thoughts of him that is our best Friend: and to make him, during our dark and gloomy seasons, to pass for an Enemy; as the Disciples in the storm mistook their approaching Saviour for a Spirit; and in hideous consternation shouted out, as thinking some Evil Spirit was come to make their Death more terrible, for they looked upon themselves as just drowning. If we have irregular apprehensions of God, as rigorous and inexorably severe, as rouzing up the greatness of his Power to crush and ruine us, such undue thoughts breed black and superstitious fears, and shrink all the faculties of our minds with despairing unbelief; our minds are weakned and cramped by the terror of our thoughts; and the consequent of this will be, that we shall either give him no service, or that which is very trifling, and full of vain

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and idle Ceremonies: For to such a sort of pompous insincere Worship does Superstition lead those poor People, whose Eyes are hoodwink't and blinded with it. Under our dark mistaken thoughts of God and his Designs, our Obedience is the Action of a Slave; 'tis with unwillingness and constraint that we Obey, retaining at the same time a disposition to throw off the Yoak. We proceed in our Devotions like those that Row in Galleys; 'tis with a backward Heart, and an unwilling Shrug. Whatever we give to our Maker, is with a convulst and stingy Hand; for we apprehend him as a severe and a rugged Master, as full of stern and ghastly Majesty. Now to remedy these uneasie fears, our Saviour came into this World, to give us admiring thoughts of God, to represent him as aimable and worthy to be delighted in; to make him the object of our Trust and Hope, and not of our Dread: As a Benefactor, or a most liberal Physician most tender and compassionate, that wounds us in order to a

lasting Cure; and his Spirit is sent to promote our Love to him: and St. *John*, whose Soul was most full of Love, was the most beloved. God has in a great measure left off dealing with Men in visible terrors, as he did heretofore. Nay, says the Apostle, *Tho' we know the terrors of the Lord*, yet 2 *Cor.* 5. 11. we perswade Men, we use towards them the most gentle, and soft, and easie Methods; we are to say to them, *Behold the Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world*; and there is nothing frightful in him, that has all the tender Qualities of one of the meekest of all Animals, a Lamb.

Thirdly, *If you would patiently wait upon God, beware of having only little Faith.* We are not to lay the blame of our being troubled so much on the greatness of our danger, as on the weakness of our Faith; when we doubt and tremble, then, with *Peter* in the Storm, we begin to sink. That our Faith may grow, we must use all the good means we can to enlarge our knowledge of God and

Christ;

Christ; for the dwarfishness of our trust, is owing to the darkness of our Minds; *They that know thy Name will trust in thee.* Knowledge of its self does not produce this admirable reliance of the Soul: The Devils are very Learned and Knowing Spirits, but their Light does only serve to scorch them; it gives no comeliness to their horrid shape, nor to their Flaming Torments any Relaxation: But such a Knowledge as is founded upon Love and Hope, and sweet Experiences of the Truths and Mercies of God, will convey to us great degrees of Strength. In order to remove our little Faith, we may make frequent and delightful use of Christ; we must run to his Arms with all the speed and force we can; and by being near to him, we shall learn to bear the Crosses of this Life; and how to long for that which is to come. Such whose Faith is rooted and spread to a mighty breadth, and of a tall Stature, scruple none of the greatest Tribulations; and many of them

go to Heaven with as much calmneſs, as if they were but going into another Room, or changing their Rags for a new Suit of Cloaths. But a little Faith ſhivers and trembles, and is loath to go hence, as amazed at the painfulneſs of the Paſſage, and the greatneſs of the Change. In no caſe let us blame God for his Rigor, but our ſelves for our unbelief. In this Life we are expoſed to very great Tryals, and theſe will not be patiently born with a little Patience. O! What a Conteſt is there between great Storms and little Faith? The time will come, when we ſhall wiſh to have had more Oyl in our Lamps, and more Grace in ſtore againſt an evil day; when the Devil and his Temptations and Diſeaſes, and pale and dreadful Death, with all his mourning Train of Evils will ſet upon us; How ſhall we meet ſuch Enemies, without well-poliſht Armour on? What ſhall the Sick, and the Lame, and the Blind, and the Decrip't do, in the day of Battle? Will not our little Faith be a moſt unkind

and disingenious return to the great Love of Christ? How unsuitably do these two look, his Love in its strength, and our Faith in its decay; his Love in its flourishing perfection, and our Faith withered and lyable to be extinguished, almost with every little breath? And our grief will be encreased from the time we had wherein to prepare for all the sorrows that might come upon us; the leisure and the helps of many Years: But if our Faith be strong we shall not be discouraged with the delays of God; we shall *trust him tho' he kill us*, and cast our Anchor in the dark; we shall look to, even an absent Saviour; and wait for his Salvation, when there is no deliverance within the Ken and View of Sense, when all other refuge fails; when all the Creatures cannot help us, even in the most threatning and the last extremities; when we see no light, we shall cast our selves at the Power and Love of God.

Fourthly, *If you would patiently wait upon God in trouble*, you must have suitable

table *promises to rely upon.* You have but small encouragement to wait, if you have no promise that your waiting shall not be in vain: We are not with vexatious labour to pain our selves, by stretching our thoughts too much upon futurity; or to plunge our selves into the unfathomable depths, to know the secret decrees of God. Our Eyes are too weak to read the Records of Heaven, and they are far distant from our Sight: But it is more easie and profitable to look into the *Revelation*, that is made to conduct our lives, both in Prosperity and in Trouble; and in this Revelation there are abundance of very reviving Promises for the most trembling Soul to rely upon. And all those are most sincerely true, not like those of many Men in high Places, who draw along such as wait upon them, with large Promises, most kind Looks, and obliging Words, but never think much of what they Promise; and so make the poor Expector of Preferment, at length to go away ashamed; after having spent a deal

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of time, and perhaps Money too, to no purpoſe: And ſo all they gain is a little bought Wit, which alas they dearly bought, with the Circulation of many torturing and unquiet Hopes. But it often happens, that they go away both with their Heads and their Purſes empty. But now *they that wait upon the Lord, ſhall not be aſhamed of their hope*, Pſal. 34. 5. Pſal. 25. 3. they ſhall at length obtain what God hath promiſed, and what they waited for.

Fifthly, *That you may patiently wait upon God, remember how many kind experiences you have had of his love hitherto*, 2 Cor. 1. 10. Without this Reflection, you'll be ſtartled at your new Tryals: But no *Goliah*, with all his ſtalking Greatneſs and his big Words, will make you quit the Field; if you conſider how God has often ſecured you from as near and as bulky dangers; from the hiſſing Serpents that were ſwollen with Venom, and ready to ſpit it all upon you; and from *the paw of the Lyon and the Bear*: But unleſs we call to mind the *years of*

the right hand of the most High, every present Storm will always seem the most blustering, and every present pain the most sharp; it will be a most unreasonable thing for us now to sink, when we have been formerly delivered from as near and as great Calamities. That arm that saved us once, is not now shortned that it cannot save: The sweet Experiences we have had of God, should cause us to be assured, that when we wait on him we do not wait in vain; and no Evidence can give us so unshaken a certainty, both of his Being and his Providence, as those inward tasts and relishes of his Love. This inward Sensation is extreamly quieting; 'tis a beam of Divine Light: Nor can we by any troubles, how long or how sharp soever, be forced to quit our Religion and our Faith, when we have once felt the joy and pleasure of them. A good Man has Two Harvests every Year, one from the Furrows of the Field, and another from his own Thoughts. Such efficacious Faith, diffuses a vital warmth over every

every faculty, and is no more to be ſeparated from a Chriſtian, than he can be divorced from himſelf; and keeps the pleaſed recreated Soul from being liſtleſs and indiſpoſed, from being chilled and frozen with exceſſive fear and anguiſh. To have a Treaſury of Experiences whereto to have recourſe, is the Priviledge of thoſe that are arrived to a good old Age; every year of their Pilgrimage, they have had new Experiences of the kindneſs of their unerring Guide; they can look back and ſee wonders of Mercy and Deliverance. O! What a Catalogue of joyful paſſages offers its ſelf to their Obſervation? How often they were dying, and God made them to recover; how often they were ſinking and afraid, and he bid them be of good Courage. It's comfortable to old People to have a great deal of Money by them, which they got in the Spring and Summer of their Active Life: It ſupplies their wants, makes their Attendants reſpectful, and the decays of weary Age more tolerable, when they cannot

cannot work for a livelihood as they used to do. But O! How much more comfortable is it to be *Rich in Faith*, such their good Master looks upon with a pitiful and watchful Eye: He takes care of their weakness, as all good People have a great kindness for an old Servant, that has lived many years in their Family. Very Honourable and Blessed is that Age, that has been long faithful to God. Besides, Such as have been careful to remember their Experiences of his Mercies, may plead them with hope in Prayer, *Judg.* 15. 18. *Psal.* 77. 7. Lord, thou hast been my Father hitherto, be not now my Enemy; thou hast heretofore dealt graciously with me, do not now overwhelm me with the weight of numerous and too great Afflictions: In other distresses I have had thy Presence, O be not now a stranger to me!

Sixthly, *That you may patiently wait on God, maintain in your Spirits a great indifference to the things of this World*; that you may be prepared upon the first Summons to take your flight from it:

Regard

Regard without concern or too passionate Affection all that is dear to you in this Life; and while you are on Earth, let your Eye be on Heaven. Cease to live to sin, that you may not be torn from your Enjoyments; but bid them farewel without a sigh: by a continued progress in Mortification, you will outgrow that anxiety of thought which others have, as to what shall befal the World or themselves; this Earth by most of its Inhabitants is over-rated, and so they are loath to quit it.

Seventhly, *That you may patiently wait on God, keep your Eye most constantly and steddily fixed on your blessed Master.* When the Storms arise, look on him whose Power can in a moment make the Sea calm, and the lowring Skie clear again: In your trouble look to your Helper, as when we ford a deep River, we look to the further side. Whereas, if we only pore upon our Miseries, we tire our Spirits, and raise to our selves more hideous prospects of Calamity. You need not go far to see your Savi-

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our, for he is with you in your Assemblies, in your Closets; he is in the Scriptures, and in all the Promises; no part of the World is out of his Dominion, and he has all Power in Heaven and Earth. The Prince of the Air that is limited to his own Principality, and to his changeable Empire, cannot raise a Storm without his leave; tho' he is in himself very powerful, yet he is Subject to a greater Power. The Apostle directs the Christians of his days to *wait for the Lord from Heaven*, 2 Thes. 3. 5. To wait for the sight of that glorious Person on whom they have believed, with whom they hope to live for ever; the sight of him is what they extreamly long for. It will be an Heaven to see him who has done so much for them, and of whom they have heard so very much: When he comes, he will reward his patient Servants; he will manifest their Grace, and make the World to wonder at his Power in their support: *Behold the Faith and Patience of the Saints.* Thus in the Text, *David*

vid ſays, *I have waited for the Lord.* I have not waited ſo much for mine own Exaltation or the Conqueſt of mine Enemies, as for the Favour and the Love of God. I have not long'd to ſee mine Houſe flouriſh, and my Friends enriched, or my Name perpetually celebrated on Earth. No, truly Lord, I have longed for thee, and thee alone. This is all my Satisfaction, this is all my Deſire; tho' no Deliverance come, yet if thou, O my God, doſt thy ſelf come, I ſhall have enough. Another ſort of Spirit have thoſe who are only of this World, they all would climb, and are uneaſie to attain ſome high or Lofty things. Oh that I were Honourable ſays the Rich; and O that I were Rich, ſays the Poor Man: Every one that has Money would fain have more, and he that has a deal of Land, would fain be Maſter of another Field; he that is obſcure would fain be noted; and he that is publickly talked of, would fain be more popular. Theſe are the things they long and wait for; not ſatisfied with what God thinks fit

fit to give them. Even Princes sometimes think they have not room enough, unless they invade the Dominions of others, as well as lord it in their own. And *Ahab* a wicked King, could find no pleasure in his Crown, unless he had the Vineyard of honest *Nabaoth*. But be you satisfied with whatever is allotted you by Providence; and do not grumble if you meet with Pain, Reproach, Poverty, and various Crosses: For all the Saints in Heaven, went through great Tribulations thither; most of the Blessed Saints performed their Voyage to that happy Land.

And now I come to speak of our Departed Friend Mrs. *Hasselborn*, who dyed this Month, in the 95th Year of her Age; in a good old Age indeed. Few, very few of all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam*, have, in these times of the World so long a Life: few of those that dye of Age, hold out so long as she. I shall make no manner of excuses, nor tell you, whilst I am praising her, that

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I am not for praiſing thoſe that are Departed; nor confute my ſelf, as ſome do, that ſay they are againſt commending the Dead, even when they ſay of them all that ever they can. Our Saviour ſaid of this or that Perſon, *O Woman, great is thy Faith*; and he that commends his Saints when they live, would not have their Memory roughly treated when they are Dead. No body will ſuſpect the Humble *Jeſus* as guilty of Flattery, or of over-admiring any Perſons; and yet what a large Character does he think fit to give of his Predeceſſor, *Matth.* XI. 11. *Verily I ſay unto you, among them that are born of Women, there has not riſen a greater then John the Baptiſt.* And the plain-hearted free-ſpoken *Paul*, that never never balked the boldeſt truth, or the moſt ſearching reproof; yet he was not ſo moroſe, as to chide the People for commending *Dorcas*, for her good Work, and Alms-deed, for the Coats and Garments which ſhe made, *Acts* 9. 36. Nay, ſo far was he from ſo ſour a temper, that he high-

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ly extols *Andronicus* and *Junias* who were *in Christ before him, and who were of note among the Apostles.* It is a fault not to commend good People, if it be done with truth and modesty; especially in an ill-natured Age, where those that God will own as his Jewels, are trampled on; and those that he will commend and accept are Censured and Reproacht, though for their *hard speeches* that Men utter against the Innocent, they must be rigorously Judged; therefore, for my part, I reckon it my Duty to contribute what I can to embalm the Memory of such as were dear to Christ on Earth, and now live with him above. All the Graces of the blessed Spirit, are too valuable to be neglected or obscured in the dark: We are to invite others to behold the aimableness and beauty of Religion; behold how it shines and triumphs, and spreads its healing Beams. *Behold, an Israelite indeed,* John 1. 47. And it's an Encouragement to others to be good, when they find *their works shall praise them in the gates of Zion,*

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it shall be said, this or that man was born there; we ought with great freeness and candor to acknowledge the Gifts and Graces that are bestowed on others. Let us not bury the remembrance of their excellent Actions in the Grave: Thus we may lawfully give them Praise, while we do not give them Worship. We think the *Virgin Mother blessed among Women, and to all Generations she is blessed*: We will honour her Memory, but never think she is above her Son; nor will we take the Crown from his Head, to place it upon hers: We will imitate the Examples of the Saints Departed, but not pray to them; for *even Abraham himself is ignorant of us*. In preserving the Memory of good People, we act suitably to the Design of God, who has taken care to Record several of his Excellent Servants, of whom we otherwise had never heard: As they were zealous for his Glory whilst they were alive, he will not let their Names be trampled on with

the Feet of Pride, when they are Departed: Such Perſons are like withered Flowers: In their flouriſhing Condition they recreated and pleaſed their Acquaintance with the ſweet Odours of their Charity, their Meekneſs and their good Works. For when the Flower and the Green is Blaſted by the cold of Death, they are after all, like the tender Plants Medicinal, even when dryed and in their moſt unbeautiful State, of great uſe and ſervice to the World. The Scripture perpetuates the Memory of ſeveral good Women, as well as Men, as *Sarah*, and *Rebeccah*, and *Rachel*, and *Miraim*, and *Hannah*, and *Deborah*, and the Bleſſed Virgin; and that affectionate Perſon, that ſcrupled no coſt to ſhew her reſpect to our Saviour, Mark 14. 9. *And Jeſus loved Martha, and her Siſter, and Lazarus*, John 11. 5. He often met with a welcome at their Hoſpitable Houſe. And St. *Paul* greets *Priſcilla* as well as *Aquila*, and *Mary* and *Julia*, and ſeveral others, in *Rom.* 16.

This

This *Old Diſciple of Chriſt*, of whom I am now to ſpeak, had ſpent her years in the Fear and the Love of God, and full of Days; full of pleaſant quietneſs and hope ſhe is gone to Reſt: She calmly Sleeps till the Morning of the Reſurrection, when ſhe will have a Body without all the marks of withering and decayed Age; a Body full of Luſtre, full of Activity; and, *Like to the glorious body of our Lord:* Like the Angels that poſſeſs an eternal Youth, their Beams never dimly ſhine, their Light never weakly burns: After a long Circulation of Hymns and Joys, their Praiſes are as cheerful, and their Voices as loud as ever.

This aged Servant of our Lord, had made it her great buſineſs to truſt in him; and in the midſt of Revolutions, that were attended with threatning Proſpects, ſhe remain'd unmoved: When others were frighted with Alarums, and the imagined approaches of Bloody Enemies, ſhe was undiſturb'd, ſaying, *I have a good God, and I fear nothing*; and often

ten used to say, *They are well kept that God keeps*; for she safely dwelt under the shadow of his Wings; and as one that knew, that the thoughts and discourse of worldly things, were very unseasonable in a dying Hour, she settled all her affairs before Death gave the last Summons, and so was prepared to dye.

She possessed to almost an Hundred, a very good Age, without pineing weakness, and the sorrows that cloud others, and send them early to the Grave: She was now and then afflicted, but she was never overwhelmed.

This good Woman spent her time in Prayer, and Reading of the *Holy Scripture*, that best of Books, that great Conveyer of all Heavenly Light and Heat; Where are the gracious Souls, to whom this Revelation was not dear and precious? What sort of People are those, whose Ignorance and Rudeness forces them to Ridicule, what others lay their whole stress for another World upon? Dear to her, as well as to all other Holy Souls, was her *Bible*: there she placed her trust,

thence

thence ſhe drew her Supports and Conſolations. This was her *Lanthorn* in this World, during the darkneſs of her Pilgrimage; ſhe now needs it not, where there is everlaſting Day. Next to the Bleſſed Scripture, ſhe often read in Dr. *Preſton*, Dr. *Sibbs*, and in the Lives of *Luther* and *Calvin*, and ſome of their Works in *Engliſh*: Oh Precious and Reviving Names of Men, that were Stars of the firſt Magnitude, that ſhined in the Church! And when they were placed in ſuperiour Orbes, left their influence and heat behind; they ſtill edifie the Church by their Grave and Learned Writings, in which every thing is manly and ſubſtantial, and nothing ſlovingly or ridiculous, or trifling and unbecoming the Majeſty of Divinity, and the Character they bore: How much more happy were thoſe uſeful Men, in leaving ſuch ſolid Writings behind them: then are ſome of the Poets of our days, who ſauce a great part of their Compoſures with Wit and Folly; or as I may ſay, with fooliſh Wit,

whilst they content themselves in dressing up Vice with soft and easie Names; and accommodate every thing to the gust and humour of a depraved Age; and do not so much Combat with Sin, as discover it; study more to please then to profit; their Books are Contagious, whilst the Authors are alive; and when they dye, they do, like *Nero*, leave Poison behind them, and propagate infection for a long time together.

Among all the rest of the Old Divines, she had a particular respect to Dr. *Preston*; which shewed, that she had both a good Tast and Judgment in Divine things. His solidity and wise management of truth, gave Light to her Understanding; and his serious and devout Applications warmed her Heart: And of all the Works of this *Pious Doctor*, she was most pleased and edified with his Discourse about *God's All-sufficiency*; and so was another *Old Disciple*, that I knew of *above* 90. that found always a peculiar refreshment in that very Treatise. So wisely did these Aged People

ple, having ſorrowfully viewed the Vanities of Life, and of all Creatures betake themſelves to God alone, whoſe help they ſought, and whoſe help they found.

As ſhe was careful to prepare her own Soul for another World, ſhe alſo thirſted for the welfare and happineſs of others; and often paſſed the moments that were moſt free from pain, in preſſing them to mind things of the greateſt and moſt laſting Conſequence, deſiring them to prepare to dye; and earneſtly moving them, in order to this, to live an Holy Life; fully thinking, with the great Apoſtle, that *Without holineſs none can ſee the Lord.* The ſight of the pure Majeſty of Heaven, would be amazing and aſtoniſhing to a Soul full of evil inclinations to objects terrene and ſenſual: Therefore this *excellent Woman*, did often deſire her Friends to *take care leaſt they were in their way of living, like perſons walking in a Gallery, that went forwards and backwards without advancing any nearer to their Journeys end*; intimating,

that she wisht they might every day be nearer Heaven then they were before.

With a mighty pleasure, when I was once with her, she discourst of the forementioned famous Divines, and of the advantages she had by the Preaching and Sermons of many worthy Men, such as Mr. *Burroughs*, Mr. *Lockyer*, old Mr. *Calamy*, and several others, whom she had long Survived. Her Lot indeed was cast in happy times; and she had the favour to live in the days of our Fore-fathers, when Religion was more practised and esteemed, then alas now it is. The *Puritans* disputed less then we, and lived better: Oh that their *Catholick Charity*, their *peaceable Spirit*, *and their innocent simplicity* might *have a Resurrection!*

She lived to see most of her old Acquaintance removed by Death, and so was, after having been satisfied with living, very willing to depart, that she and her Friends might meet again. She trusted God in her Health, and so she died, when her Pain and Sickness came upon

upon her. She often desired one that attended her in her near approaches to Eternity, to read *the first words of the 40th Psalm*, as extremely suitable to her own Case and Temper. She was very humble and very patient in her illness; she had no fretful disordered Expressions; she bore her burden laid upon her by God; tho' her earnest desire to see him, made her now and then say, *O why does he tarry?* On her Sick Bed she kept her Eye fixed above, and sent before her arrival at Heaven, her longing Prayers thither; begging that her *Iniquity might be blotted out*, and *wishing to be with Christ*. And when her Daughter attending on her Ministred to her support, with a language proper for one just in the close of Life; and told her, God would receive her into the Arms of his Mercy; she with the composure of a Soul bordering upon Happiness, answered, *She had laid her self at the feet of Jesus Christ, and had submitted to him, who was able to save to the uttermost*; which words she often

often uttered in her former and latter Years. And a Night or two before ſhe was called away, ſhe repeated part of *39th Pſalm, Verſe* 8, 9, 10. and ſuch was her Faith and Hope, that ſhe was able to apply to her ſelf, thoſe Triumphant words of that patient *Job*; *I know that my Redeemer lives*, and that ſhe ſhould *ſee him for her ſelf*, and this Redeemer ſhe is now gone to ſee: In his Arms we leave her, till he, and all that ſleep in him, ſhall come together at the laſt day.

And now my Friends, from all that I have ſaid concerning this departed Saint, we may without any difficulty obſerve, that *Meekneſs and Patience is the ready way to long Life*: I do not believe this good Woman had lived ſo long, had ſhe not been of a calm and quiet Spirit. Thoſe that are furious and paſſionate, and ill-natured, corrode and vex themſelves, and with haſt ſnap aſunder the Thread of Life. There are two things to be wondered at with reſpect to this Perſon: *Firſt*, That ſhe ſhould live ſo

long

long, as being one of the weaker and feebler Sex; and *Secondly*, That her Patience ſhould not be tired during ſo long an abode in this World as 95 Years, but be continued to the laſt moment of her Life. How illuſtrious is that Power, that kept ſo frail a Veſſel from being daſh't in pieces? How glorious is that Grace, that enabled her to perſevere in the Love of God?

We may further conſider that Death is the Lot of all thoſe that are the moſt Aged, are not immortal; they muſt at length go to their Long Home, tho' many Thouſands go with quicker and more haſty ſteps then they. The Oak that is the oldeſt Father of the Foreſt, that has ſurvived many ſcorching Summers, and many cold blaſts of Winter, muſt at length feel the decays of Age; and periſh as ſurely, tho' not as ſoon as the little Trees: the longeſt day will have a concluding Night. Thoſe that are an *hundred years old*, and thoſe that are but *Twenty*, muſt both in a while lye down in a Bed of Duſt. *Methuſalem*

Absalem lived many long Years, but he did not live for ever. O let us, by the thought of this, be moved to lay hold on a Life that is Eternal; a Life that has no mixture of Corruption, and has no fears of decay, and such a life the blessed live in Heaven; there is no death.

Again, Let none here fancy, because they now and then hear of such an one, that has attained to almost an Hundred, that therefore they shall live as long; and having such a prospect, may spend their present days in Jollities and Mirth, as believing they have an huge deal of time lying on their hands: For what a surprize will it be to stumble into the Grave in Youth, when they imagined they should not come thither till they were Old. If you Examine the weekly Bills, you'll find few dye of Age comparatively, to what dye of other Diseases; more dye before thirty, then live to Fourscore. The youngest here have seen younger then themselves snatcht away by Death; and many a Flower is withered, when it just began to open.

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The Sun with many goes down at Noon: As well might every Disciple of Christ expect to live as long as St. *John*, who was to tarry longer on Earth than most of the rest, and Died at 93. *Simeon* the Son of *Cleophas*, Brother of our Lord, lived an 120. Length of Life, is not of all other Blessings the most desirable; and as one observes, it was not peculiar to Grace, or the Holy Line; for there are reckoned of the Fathers to the Flood Eleven Generations, but of the sons of *Adam* by *Cain*, only Eight Generations so as the Posterity of *Cain may seem* the longer lived. The good Men and good Women too, sometime lived very long; as *Abraham* to One hundred seventy five, *Isaac* to One hundred and Eighty, *Jacob* to One hundred forty seven: *Sarah*, whose years only among Women are Recorded, dyed in the One hundred twenty seventh year of her Age, an excellent Mother and a good Wife, *Luke* 2. 36, 37. *Anna* is said to be of a great Age, a very patient

patient Perſon: For when ſhe was about Eighty four, ſhe departed not from the Temple.

As to you that are the Relations of this good old Diſciple, do not water the Grave of your Friend with uſeleſs Tears: There is indeed great cauſe to Lament, when an uſeful ſerviceable Perſon is taken away by ſudden or untimely death; 'tis the falling of Fruit before Autumn come. But ſuch as have been a Bleſſing, and a long example of Piety, to the very laſt ſtep of Humane Life, are not ſo to be lamented, as having moſt regularly finiſhed their Courſe; and were not cut off in the middle of their Race. And yet, *as one ſays*, it is to be obſerved, that the Saints of God, tho' never ſo Old, and brought never ſo low through the Miſeries attending them, when they changed this Life for a better, were ſtill buried with great Lamentation. *Abelmizraim*, *Gen.* 5. was a place never to be forgot, either by the *Egyptians* or the *Canaanites*; and not *Jacob* only, but *Moſes*

Moſes and *Aaron*, and *Samuel*, were buried by the People of *Iſrael*, and great Publick Mournings made made.

It would be very unreaſonable for you to Mourn, and needleſs for me to deſire you not to do it. She prayed and longed to be with Chriſt, and would you mourn that God has heard her Prayers, and that *ſhe now is where ſhe longed to be.* It would be a moſt unjuſt thing to be ſorry that a Labourer is gone to reſt, or to bewail the death of one that is Ninety Five; who was not gathered till the fulleſt time of Harveſt, and when ſhe was duely ripe for Glory. Oh be thankful that God has at length comforted this Handmaid of his, that waited for his Conſolations. Be thankful that you ſo long have had the benefit of her good advice, her ſhining example, and her holy prayers. Let the remembrance of her Faith and Patience, and Hope, and her other excellent Qualifications kindle in you the like Graces. Conſider *the end of her*

her Converſation, with what peace ſhe lived, and with what joy ſhe dyed. Do nothing unworthy of the Children of ſo good a Mother; tread in her ſteps, and follow her in the practiſe of all praiſe-worthy things, that ſo ſhe and you may comfortably meet at the laſt day, and never never part again. *Amen.*

The End.

ERRATA's.

PAge 5. *line* 5. *after* that *Read* it is. *P.* 13. *l.* 16. *for* Eaden *R.* Endor. *P.* 17. *l.* 13. *after* it *R.* is *P.* 19. *l.* 9. *R.* Beaſts. *P.* 26. *l.* 11. *R.* Pillow. *P.* 36. *l.* 11. *R.* dwindling. *P.* 41. *l.* 25. *R.* God's. *P.* 52. *l.* 9. *for* thus *R.* this. *P.* 75. *l.* 21. *R.* Amiable. *P.* 88. *l.* 15. *after* Land *R.* in Storms. *P.* 90. *l.* 20. *R.* Amiableneſs.

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